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TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24, 1833.

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TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1833.

BALL ROOM SCENE.

A few nights since a ball was given in Grand street, at which the principal attendants were ladies and gentlemen of a foreign growth. Among the number were two respectable gentlemen, one of them having a wife of considerable personal beauty and whose amiable disposition formed a lively contrast to the more violent temper and pugnacious spirit of her husband. This husband had a friend, who was present, and between them, after the interchange of a bottle or two of good wine by way of civility, there arose a breeze of rather a hostile character, charged with war of words and fists—of boots and blows. The combatants rushed towards each other with enthusiastic energy, and in the struggle for superior strength and skill, the bachelor had his pants, torn most wofully, his pretty phiz most dolefully marred, and his elegant chapeau borne away as the spoil of war and victory. The husband too who fought the battle on the other side, despite of skill and strength, received a blow which spoiled his capacity for kissing, and drew the rich red blood from lips that wine before had graced.

In the midst of these feats of valor, "the lovely wife to peace inclined," drew her well lored lord to his station on the floor, and the music thrilling through the souls of all, the dance proceeded; while Mars bit his lip, and clenched his fist in wrath. The butcher withdrew—the watch was called, and the heroic husband borne off to the Watch-house. The fair one wept, and solitary and sad the night by her was spent. The husband in the morning appeared at the bidding of the officials, and stood before the court *unreached* and "irreconciled." His wife was there to ward the threatened blow. There stood the angry spirit in the person of a brawny Dutchman, who told of woes and blows unnumbered; how his hat was lost, his face despoiled of beauty, and his nether garment torn, and his hat a wanderer.--The lady interfered. She told a tale of artless truth in broken accents, and smiled through tears. The complainant was inexorable, but the bench was not. The voice of justice softened into tones of mercy, and the butcher was bid to take the husband by the hand, and pronounce his pardon of the offence for the sake of love and beauty.—The mandate was obeyed. The grasp of friendly feeling now took place of anger, and the complainant was at once disarmed, and the parties left the court, wreathed in the feelings of a purer friendship than before; sanctified by each other's blood shed in an amicable fight.

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Yankee School Masters and School Books are as thick as blackberries. "Put money in thy purse" is the motto of the numerous compilers of books in New England. If they fail to accomplish this important purpose it is not for want of industry or skill. But the spirit of competition is constantly multiplying the number, with an almost infinite variety of variations from former works in the same departments of school literature. Nor is the field small. Go where you please and you will find Boston school books and Yankee schoolmasters—pedagogues or what you will. But no disparagement, gentlemen. The cause you espouse is a good one. Your books are generally good. Yes, the very best extant. The money then, ye "put in your purse" is well earned. But enough. We find lying on our table the four little books the titles of which stand at the head of this article. They were all written by H. L. Barnum, a gentleman advantageously known to many who have the care and education of youth committed to their charge. The leading principle is association, imparting ideas in the most natural and expeditious manner, by representations of visible familiar objects. The system begins with the most simple words in the English Language, and progresses step by step to the higher branches of study, keeping up a constant review of the matter in each preceding book. The author has, we think, adopted the only legitimate method of instruction, that is, arranged the lessons in such manner as to attract attention, elicit thought, engage curiosity, excite enquiry and excite reflection upon natural and easy principles. The pupil is not required to learn words without associating them with proper emblems, a method which so generally tends to weaken the energy, exhaust the patience and create a disrelish for study. The quantity of matter contained in the two *first books* is small, but sufficient, if well learned, to introduce the scholar to those in the series which follow. The "First Child's Book" contains a regular and easy grade of lessons, from the alphabet to words of three syllables inclusive. "The Child's Second Book" reviews the matter contained in the first, and arranges words into sentences. This is done in a very attractive manner by the use of numerous engravings. The "Third" contains a review of all the branches included in the preceding books of the series, with such additional subjects as are necessary to form a connexion, by which young children can progress understandingly and rapidly, in a regular gradation from one part to another. The several lessons are given in plain story-telling style, in children's language, and illustrated by engravings. It embraces reading, spelling, writing, numeration, mensuration and the use of maps. The "Fourth" and last of the series "The First Book of Geography" is but a gradual continuation of the other three, being intimately connected with them. We have occupied more space in a brief view of the design of these little books than we are accustomed to, but we have been exceedingly well pleased with the novelty of the plan and execution. They form, in our opinion, a series of books better fitted to promote the regular and rapid advancement of the lisping infant, than any with which we are acquainted. Impressed with this view of the series, we cheerfully commend it to the attention of teachers, parents and guardians.

"CABINET OF CURIOSITIES"

Is the title of an extremely interesting volume from the press of McElrath, Bangs & Herbert, of this city. It forms a repository of the wonders of the world, or whatever is remarkable in the regions of nature and art, extraordinary events, and eccentric biography. It is a reprint from the English. The pages of this work, as is frequently the case of collections and extracts, are not crowded with the narratives of by gone days familiar to every one. On the contrary we find it made up from the most rare and valuable works of antiquity. We have many things in few words. In the American edition every article of a foreign local nature has happily been excluded, and other valuable matter, of interest to our countrymen, supplies their place. It is a work which may be read and re-read with advantage; and really we know not the volume of the same size and price, which contains such a fund of amusement, combined with so much valuable instruction. It is justly bound. We regret that we cannot say as much of the engravings which accompany it.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

This weekly sheet of 16 octavo pages, has just completed its eighth volume. It stands high in the estimation of the medical profession, and will no doubt continue to retain the support of the profession generally. The gentlemen conductors are practically and theoretically physicians. Clapp & Hall, publishers, Boston.

For the Traveller, Times & Journal.

THE IRISH GHOST;

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The possibility of an intercourse existing between the spiritual and material worlds, I have ever considered a subject of most interesting speculation. All the arguments opposed to it have appeared to me extremely vague and unsatisfactory, and like every enquiry which extends beyond the limits of this tangible and breathing world, tended but to involve the subject in still greater perplexity.

Is that active essence which constitutes the noblest property of man enjoined to be exercised for the benefit of his fellow creatures, and esteemed his emanation from, and an essence of the Creator's self to pine in indolence, or stupify in sleep till the great day of reckoning? or is it still to gaze a listless spectator of scenes to which its strongest sympathies must be so powerfully allied? I freely admit the improbability of the present order of creation being disturbed, and the established course of nature abandoned for a purpose so insignificant as that to which the visits of "spirits from the vnaty deep" are commonly attributed. Yet do I seriously consider it both rational and consistent that for some great or special purpose the all powerful disposer of events should deem such devotion necessary, and as respects the agency employed or apparent end, it is not for the fallibility of human wisdom to judge. While many of the most important dogmas are received and credited, though possessing no greater authority than the testimony of individuals whose very existence is problematic, yet on this subject such evidence is inconsistently spurned, although its modern date, by laying it open to a facility of enquiry, renders it less liable to suspicion, but pride, rank pride, not reason, sways us. We reject the doctrine of supernatural causes, as childish, only because it is associated with the earliest recollections of our infancy; and I never see a man vapouring forth his contempt for these spiritual visitations that I do not picture Bob Acre's trembling lip, chattering teeth and tottering knees, when delivering his challenge to the pseudo Captain Beverley, for I verily believe that we are born with or so early imbibe an innate dread and reverential awe for a certain indefinable something connected with the supernatural, that after all the deductions which argument and boasted reason can afford, conviction becomes, if I may be allowed the paradox, nothing but uncertainty.

With this brief prelude to the following singular narrative, I shall endeavor to induct my readers into a knowledge of my character and pursuits with as much impartiality as it is possible for an autobiographer to indulge in.

My employment, which is that of a collector of rents in Ireland, allows me sufficient leisure to indulge in any pursuit choice may dictate, with a disposition so full of love to every member of the creation that the most venomous reptile crawling the earth should pass uninjured, save where the imperative law of self preservation obliged me to its destruction.

I am esteemed to possess a strong mind and reasoning faculties of no common order, but the exercise of which often carry me into the indulgence of speculative reveries, so exclusive and refined that the most indisputable dogmas have often appeared to me as baseless as the blue canopy of Heaven. Many whose patience may be brought to endure the perusal of this narrative will doubtless consider the writer a fool or a madman. To such I know argument would be but "wasteful and ridiculous excess," but they might as well attempt to persuade me without descending to scholastic definitions, that heat, cold, hunger, thirst, in fact, sensation is *imaginary* as that the facts herein stated existed but in my fancy. No; I am ready before any tribunal to swear to their truth, and even bring a living witness to support me.

It was on a beautiful morning in October, that I ascended the roof of the mail to spend a few days of recreation with my friend, Henry D——, whose pressing invitation promised me, besides an introduction to his accomplished family, the not less resistless temptation of some excellent sport, both with gun and line; this, together with the proximity of his habitation to the far-famed lakes of Killarney, raised my spirits to a pitch of joyous excitement that could receive no addition from the inspiring freshness of the morning, or the animating complexion of the surrounding scenery. But alas! the mischances twixt the cup and the lip, as I was ruminating on the surprize and delight, my but partly expected visit would cause my friend, and treasuring in my memory all the little *agremens* that might render me a welcome visitor to his family, the leaders took fright at some object on the road, became unmanageable, darted off at full speed, and carrying us, "nolens volens," some six miles in an opposite direction, deposited the outside passengers in a ditch, leaving us to reach our destination as choice or accident might determine. As the only injury I received, consisted in some insignificant bruises, I determined this little mischance should not discourage me, and having rendered my quantum of assistance to my companions in misfortune, I ate a hearty breakfast at a neighboring Inn, and sought some means of conveyance. After a most diligent search, I found that the only vehicle to be procured was a superannuated jingle, to which a lean and stumbling Rosenante was harnessed, or rathertied, the great and most essential part of her tackle being composed of hay-bands, twisted for the purpose. Although but eight in the morning, and we had only some thirty miles to go, I was extremely doubtful of the steed's capacity, and was on the point of dismissing the equipage, when that grave counsellor, necessity, whispered into my ear his never rejected advice, and I entered it, philosophically determined to let my wishes jog in unison with my prad. He must be a strange fellow that cannot find some entertainment in the society of a true Hibernian, and my jocose driver was one of the most humorous of his species. After various disasters, arising from the imperfect character of our equipage and its etceteras, we at length reached our destination.

It was night-fall—the moon had risen in all her modest splendor, and as I walked through the avenue that led to the door of the hospitable mansion of my friend, an involuntary apprehension of something mournful sat heavily upon my heart, and was too painfully realized on my entrance. My friend met me at the door, shook my hand with the most friendly warmth, and bursting into a flood of tears, he vainly endeavored to restrain, conducted me to a chamber and pointed to a bed where lay in the stark embrace of death, a lovely girl, in the flower of her age, her cheek yet tinged with a faint bloom, that formed a painful contrast with her livid lips and otherwise spectral appearance. An accident had that morning "stolen the life of the building." To avoid the pain of an introduction to his family at such a moment, I pleaded extreme fatigue, and requested to be shown to my chamber. The stranger's room being that now of the chamber of death, I was, per necessity, put into a gloomy apartment at the top of the house, that most fearfully harmonized with the melancholy character of my feelings. It was the garret or loft, if I can thus term a place without ceiling, in every cranny of which the dark shadow of a sombre rafter met the eye, whose broken and irregular plastering was occasionally relieved by the most tints imparted to it by a white-washing brush. It appeared to have been used as a sanctuary for broken and superannuated furniture, some remnants of which were here and there pressed into service of stopping sundry chinks and larger apertures, the work of time and the worm.

My host accompanied me to my dormitory and after many apologies for this freak of necessity, left me to my gloomy reflections, and the still more gloomy companionship of a dim, attenuated, half-starved rushlight. I locked my door, and throwing myself into a chair, gave loose to reflections, prompted by the unhappy incidents of the day. The brilliant promise of the morning, the accident I had encountered, and the lamentable scene of domestic anguish I had just witnessed, all passed in solemn procession before me, and called to memory every homily I had ever met with on the uncertainty and mutability of human affairs. "Sic transit gloria mundi," I exclaimed, as having placed my still burning rushlight on the hearth—I laid my head upon my pillow and buried myself in the bed-clothes to seek in sleep a lethe to my sorrows; but sleep came not—the incidents of the day were still too vividly imprinted on my imagination, and ever and anon a cry of anguish would break upon my ear, that, by calling to memory the bereavement I had witnessed, conjured up a thousand superstitious fancies. I had lain in this state for some twenty minutes, and was just falling into a doze when the sound of a suppressed sigh struck upon my ear, and on opening my eyes I beheld a tall, slim figure, habited in the same white garments, and bearing the very impress of the unhappy victim I had seen in the chamber below. Terror paralized me—I lay breathless—I knew the door was fastened, the key still in the lock—could it be fancy? No; there it stood, the same dress, the same features, pale and motionless. I thought of the nightmare and tried to move—I could not—every faculty was suspended—I strove to speak—impossible—I was tongue-tied—I would have closed my eyes—their lids were fixed and immoveable—it must be illusion—how to dispel it * * * * * whom, horror upon horror, it moved; with slow and measured steps it paced the whole length of the apartment, and then advanced, silent and breathless to my bed-side—tremor seized on every limb—a cold perspiration bedewed me, and my swelling eye-balls seemed bursting from their sockets. Still, slow and noiseless it advanced—drew back the curtain—terror had reached its climax—suspended nature burst from its thraldom—with a vigorous effort I seized a chair that stood by my side, and, springing upright in my bed, exclaimed, "in the name of the Almighty, speak!—What would you?" "My sister's nightcap," was the reply.

It proved that my supernatural visiter, who was one of the many sisters of the deceased, had been introduced through a broken portion of the wall for the purpose stated, and whose fear of disturbing me whom she thought asleep, caused her to move so silently as to excite my already disordered imagination to the pitch of phrenzy.

F—— N.

Written for the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

A LEAF FROM AFARA.

BY MCDONALD CLARKE.

With a broken nail, and bit of block,
I mark'd my name upon a rock,
When but a little boy,
And stole out often from my book,
Upon my own dear name to look,
With strong, but silent joy.

I bid an acorn in the ground,
And an old sixpence, that I found,
And thought of Riches—Fame,
Some one stole the silver out,
Tho' that I did'nt care about,
They had'nt touched my name.

But the worms eat my acorn up,
That night I had'nt heart to sup—
And could'nt close my eyes;
I thought how I had liked to see
It slowly rise up to a tree,
That the fierce North defies.

How I would like to calmly stand
The noblest of my native land,
Like the unshrinking oak,
When lightnings round its branches glare,
And thunders shout a deep oath there,
As though Hell's chains had broke.

Next night, when the thin new moon curled
Like a sick blessing o'er the world,
With a fair female child,
Our delicate fingers drawn a-lock,
We softly stole out to the rock—
What made me look so wild.

A dirty bruise was on the place
Where—I turned away my whit'ning face,
To hide the brimming tears;
Oh! God—I but too plainly see
What will become of mine and me,
Among the darkning years.

But though they bring pain—sorrow—shame,
And the World spits upon my name
And tries to blot its place,
As some base boy has done just now—
With a brave heart and tranquil brow,
I will not shame my race.

The descendant of a Highland Chief
Was never made to bend to grief,
But like the mountain's steep,
Stand firm, forever, looking down
On Glory's smile, or Envy's frown,
Too proud to laugh, or weep.

Where the new moon is gleaming now,
A curl of light on evening's brow,
Look—dearest of my girls
As [illegible] Steals o'er its sphere a rounding bless—
So shall my name, the world's.

She smiled, and said—ah! Sandy Clarke,
You always want to hit the mark
Offener than other boys;
And if you dont, you scow l and swear,
And would fight them it—you dare,
And could, without a noise.

But if you want your name to be
The moonlight of Eternity,
Ma' says—do'nt I want so,
For you are out most every day,
Novel-pouring, or at play—
I kissed her silent—oh!

A pair of pure and lashful lips,
The dew of weeping prayer that sips,
—And none but such kiss sweet—
Have ever had the melting power,
Of soft'ning down, my stern at hour,
When true hearts burn, and beat.

This happened twenty sad years back,
—A long, and cold, and dismal track—
Since I left Plumfield School,
And when I've seen a homespun frock,
I've often thought about the rock,
And boyhood—the wild Fool.

Who, while he sucks his gingerbread,
Let's silly dreams slip in his head,
Of Wealth, and Pride, and Fame,
And not till Time finds out their trick,
Does he grow of their roguery sick,
And take a nobler aim.

For wealth—is trouble in disguise—
And Pride—has anguish in its eyes—
And Fame—pray do nt smack her;
She could nt pawn her trumpet for
A cat-tail bed—a blanket—or
Even a Graham cracker.

But Love—ah! if you can persuade
Some Lady—or some Lady's maid,
To let you loose her garter;
Wealth, Fame, Title, quiz, and kick—
And if of bliss you should get sick,
Cool, Sir, on—mush and water.

Valentine's Eve, 1833.

GUARD ROOM TALES, No. 2.

THE MAGICIAN.—PART II.

The Magicician lay for some time apparently breathless, but at length started to his feet as suddenly as if he had been electrified back into life, and looked wildly along the ranks.

"It is even so!" he exclaimed as his vision singled out, and rivited itself on some object toward the left flank, "it is even so!—Well knew I that none but he could have changed the direction of that ball:" then turning to the Colonel he continued, "there is one among you whom I would not again tempt for all the riches in the range of sight, and mark me—it is not for nothing, he is here!" Thus saying, he took another long, but humbled look in the same direction, and left the barracks.

The Colonel of the Regiment was a dark, mysterious man—a man whose scowling and suspicious eye, abstracted ills, sudden starts, indistinct mutterings, and in short all the appendages of a rebellious conscience, excited much speculation touching the transactions of his former life; but they bore testimony to nothing, save the whims, and petty atrocities, of one of those little, sanguinary minds, which can at all times joyfully contemplate the slaughter of a giant, but through fear, confines its propensity for victims to the butchering of flies, or to the *lawful* torturing of those, whom poverty, *or the devil*, place at its disposal. It is true an indefinite suspicion rested upon him; touching the mysterious death of a lady in Germany who was about to be married to a celebrated scholar at the University of Gottingen; but then this was merely suspicion based on the fact, that the lover in the incoherent expressions of his despair at the time, frequently mentioned (and connected murder with the Colonel's name) however he was never openly accused and in a few days afterwards, the Student forsook the public world, for a cell in the gloomiest bosom of the Harts mountains, where he gave himself altogether up to the study of the unlawful science.

From that time fourth, the Colonel was an altered man; far from being a gay hearted, reckless, and vindictive libertine, he became gloomy and fearful;—retaining little of his former character save its cruelty; a feeling which he never failed to indulge to the very fullest extent of his privilege. It was also observable, both from his conduct, and conversation, that he was incessantly under the dominion of some fearful superstition, and it was even suspected that he kept a charmed toad bandaged round his wrist both by day and night, to shield him from the power of some attendant demon. In his defence it may be said that the soldiers of the Regiment were nothing loath in laying to his charge, that might be any way serviceable in proving him a *pupil* of the *devil*: and perchance, that, which in another man might pass unnoticed, was in him considered sufficient evidence that he was every thing his *master* could *desire*.

Since the time it became manifest that there was something in the Garrison, whose powers of evil were, perchance, unlimited, and according to what has been just narrated, incapable of being controled, the Colonel's temper again underwent a transmutation. A part from his mysterious habits, he had been long and justly celebrated for the over bearing haughtiness of his manners, as well (as we have seen before) for the ruthlessness of his disposition; but some of the most timid soldiers in the regiment could look him out of countenance, and he became even mean in his subservience to his inferiors. All the other officers of course followed his example and necessarily the visits of the "man in the dark" were at first very few and far between, and in a little time discontinued altogether.

Now, there was a man in the light company named Toney Harrivan who was notoriously the greatest mope in the regiment, and by the way, one of the recruits who had joined from London on the day of the Serjeant Major's dancing fit. Toney was my own particular comrade,—slept in the next bed to me; eat at the same table with me: and notwithstanding that he was as thick headed, and ignorant as a Cumberland miner. I can never again hope to meet with so kind, or good natured a companion. We used to sit for hours together over a jarum of "dogs nose," (that was his favorite drink) at the canteen: I telling old tales, and he laughing at them and now and then when half "corned" or so, he used to attempt some old fashioned catch, or other himself, by way of a set off, but his voice was so perfectly discordant, and his songs so stupid that his last note was always considered the best in the batch; however, he seldom lack'd listners, for it is a thing worthy of record that Toney Hobson was never *short* of a *shilling*, nor the *will* to part with it. But for all this there was *one*, in the regiment and that one your humble servant who began to suspect Toney to have at least as much of the rogue, as the fool, in his composition, and indeed, there were times, when I imagined he had a little more of the devil than either. This latter discovery was a thing which I thought best to keep to myself, for reasons which you may easily suppose when informed, that the leaden headed Toney Hobson, and Jack in the dark appeared to me to be one and the same person. This idea first occurred to me one morning while the Adjutant was laboring under a fit of the prevailing mania, and dancing a Fandango for the bare life in the horsepond. Every man in the room, as was usual on such occasions, ran out to see the sport, with the exception of Toney, and myself (who by the way was lying half asleep under one of the beds) but no sooner were the other men gone than a long loud hysteric laugh startled me, and on looking up into Hobson's face, I was nearly petrified by the wild and unnatural expression of it. However I remained perfectly still and discovered that he was busy in turning together some curious looking chords, beguiling his work the while with a strange but very beautiful air. Bye and bye he put the chords into his bosom, and immediately after the men returned.

From this time I set myself down to watch him, and I believe he suspected me, for one day when I was laughing about some recent trick of the man in the dark, and hinting that it was sometimes a very advantageous thing, for a wise man to be taken for a fool, he fixed a glance at me which absolutely burned its way to my very heart, and exclaimed, "So—so Mr. Jack; ambitious of solving riddles, I see! but, hark ye! a silent tongue proves a wise man you know!—mark that!" And faith you may depend on it, no scholar ever paid more attention to the advice o a master than I did to his for many a week after; and indeed nothing farther happened to substantiate my suspicions until the day the Magician came amongst us, when I immediately recognised the voice that rose amid the rocks as Toney's and then of course all doubts were at once satisfied.

But even still I could hardly reconcile my suspicions with the fellow's general sheepishness of countenance and conduct, and was nearly on the point of retracting them altogether when one evening I saw his eye gloating on the Colonel with such an expression of deadly hatred, that I felt perfectly convinced I was nothing better than boon companion to a devil in disguise.

I said that after the appearance of the Magician in his behaviour toward the men he had changed very much for the better, but in a little time he took to his old practices again, very sparingly too be sure in the beginning but finding that his old friend "in the dark" took no more cognizance of the matter, he unbridled his temper to the full, and in brief space made up for all the kindness that fear and the devil had extorted from him for the last six months.

The regiment had almost begun to forget—or at least to cease speaking about the visit of the Magician: and even after all that had passed, Toney Harrivan again dwindled down to a mere man in my estimation, when one evening I heard him offer the Colonel's servant a purse of gold to steal the charmed toad from his master's arm during the night, and tie one (which he held in his hand in its place.

"I scarce know how I am to accomplish that" says the servant, "for he thinks more of it than all the rest of the world beside."

"Mix this powder in his night drink" replied Harrivan "and trust me, when he sleeps upon it you might pluck his teeth out one by one without disturbing him."

"But answered the first of what use can the bandage be to you?"

"Pooh!" returned Toney, "to cure the heart ache—promote sleep—fifty things? but what's that to thee? can't a man be a fool with his money if he chooses?"

"Yet, but my heart misgives me that all aint right, they say that bandage has something to do with the devil, you know."

"Tush fool!" replied the soldier in a hollow and startled tone, "there is none worse than the one that wears it,—but go—go—you shall have money enough to buy the favour of a monarch, let alone the prejudices of a *slave*, take this!"

"But!" replied the servant again "now that I have your money! what would you do if failed to earn it."

"Put you in the way of requiring a charmed toad yourself perchance," replied Harrivan with a malicious sneer "But I know you too well—you would steal the Colonel's heart for the residue of our bargain; not to say a word about the bracelet."—

That night I never closed my eyes in sleep but all along kept watching the bed of my mysterious companion. For a while after we retired he scarcely appeared to breath, but toward midnight his sleep began to be broken, and he exclaimed at intervals.

"Yes, yes my pretty Maria; you look at me—you denounce my conduct, but what could I do,—was the life of my love to be stolen, and me not to discover the robber. Wert thou to be murdered Maria, and I not to be avenged. O! hell! shall I have learned thy mysteries in vain. Shall I have tracked the blood hound to his cave, and then be forced to remain the thing I am; and to anticipate the thing I may be——ha—ha—ha."

Here he was awakened at the sound of his own laughter, and looked suspiciously about the room; but soon fell asleep again and continued:

"Why must I, the most powerful, be also the most impotent among men! I who can ride the lightning, raise whirlwinds, and argue knowledge with the dead, may not point a needle, where the veriest blockhead breathing might plant a dagger—but soft—gold buys treachery—treachery wears a dirk—is not this satisfaction? no, no, he alone robbed me of my love—my hope—mine all—and mine alone must be the revenge! Hush! what's this! my brains hiss and bubble as if a flood of fire had been poured in through my temple—it may be so! but nothing of this world has done it! See! see! bravo! another twin, and 'tis mine—soft—the sleeping villain groans—the demon of his slumbers tortures him with his loss. Now, now, 'tis done—victory." Here he awoke again, and slept no more during the night.

About day-break, Thompson, the Colonel's servant, came in to the room, looking more like a ghost than a human being, and after a few moment's conversation with Toney, left the barracks, and was never afterwards heard of. As for myself, my duty to God and man, urged me to a disclosure of the whole affair, but fear prevailed and I held my tongue, contenting myself with the argument that if the devil wanted a victim there was no one could better be spared than our Colonel.

The bugle had now called us to morning parade, and we had all taken our places in the ranks and were undergoing the officers inspection, when the Colonel, who was standing near the right of the Light Company, exclaimed, "'Sdeath! what ails my wrist, it burns like a lint-stock."

"There's no fire in Asphaltus else!" ejaculated Toney, who was my right hand man. "Silence in the ranks, sir," commanded the captain, striking him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword. "True," retorted the private, "good work speeds best with fewest words;" at the same instant that his bayonet leaped from its scabbard like a line of flame, and the captain lay panting at his feet. "More anon," he shouted, bounding forward in the direction of the Colonel and brandishing his weapon aloft, but just as he had reached his intended victim, and as his bayonet was sweeping downwards to its work of death, a brawney Scotch sergeant seized his throat, and with a furious muscular effort dashed him to the ground. Ten—twenty—forty non commissioned officers of every grade, rushed to the spot to prove their anxiety for the safety of their tyrant Hand, on hand, was clasped about every portion of the unfortunate Harrivan's body: he was beat, dragged, mutilated—every thing, that a posse of officious vassals could devise to find favor in the eyes of a sanguinary taskmaster; but still the prisoner was nearly a match for them all. At times he would strain forward in spite of every opposition, surrounded by the whole troop—again by a sudden tug, he would hurl three or four of his astonished assailants to the earth, and stamp upon them as they lay, but all would not do—his energies abated at last, and he was bound hand and foot, with drum cords, and dragged to the "devil's elbow."

"Oh! for one moment's freedom of my arms," he cried, "and I'd send ye all howling about the world like rabbid wolves—Oh! worse than perdition! have I lost my only chance, by a premature stab at that ruffian on the sward yonder."

By this time he was secured to the cross pikes for the purpose of being flogged, although no court martial had been summoned; and in fact, his crime was too serious to be settled at the "drum head," but the doctor was of opinion that a little immediate punishment was necessary to the calming of his temper. The regiment, according to custom, formed a hollow square round about, and the Colonel, who by the way had torn the bandage from his wrist, stood gazing into the face of his victim with an expression of the most furious delight. Harrivan, himself, was trying, as if for life and death to force his hands through the nooses towards each other, and I soon discovered that in one of them he held the cords before mentioned. All was now ready—the word was given to begin, and the Drum major had swung his cats aloft to give the first blow, when his arm became, as it were, frozen with the elements, just as the prisoner's hands had strained themselves forward to the touch and commenced twining the cords."

"Do your duty, sir," shouted the Adjutant, "Oh! sir, Oh! sir, for mercy's sake send for a clergyman," exclaimed the drummer, "my arm is spell bound."

"It is the fiend, himself," shrieked the Colonel, starting up in an agony of terror, "see! see! his eyes blaze—his cheeks blacken—bind him—slay him—quick—quick."

"Murderer! *you* shall never see me die," thundered the culprit, at the same time tugging at the cross trees until they shivered into a thousand splinters, and then springing on the Colonel, pinned him to the earth with a spear head.

"Charge the murderer," roared the Adjutant, as he saw the soldiers standing, all but petrified with astonishment, while the prisoner was rushing like a hunted tiger for the wall

"Shoot him rather," vociferated the Major, for Harrivan had just bounded up the ramparts, "ready—present—fire."

At once five hundred long guns were pointed, and five hundred bullets rung from their muzzles; but he they were intended for remained unharmed, and triumphant amid the [illegible] leaped upon a mortar, ready to plunge into the wave below, when a sentry, at the extreme point of the elbow, levelled his musket, and pulled the trigger—that bullet effected more than the other five hundred—it crashed through the Magician's soul, and as his bleeding trunk dropped into the startled waters of the moat, a voice, which we all recognised as that of the murdered Colonel, exclaimed in a tone like the rumbling of a distant echo.

"*This hand alone has done it!*"

"Now, Sergeant, my story's finished; down with the quid."

"Wait till you earn it, Jack: you have been telling us a long rigmarole about wizzards, devils, and so forth, but not a word, according to contract, touching the groans, and the blue light, and the cause why the "Devil's Elbow" is left without sentries."

"Pish! When you hear of a murder, I'm sure there's nothing more natural than to immagine the ghost; and that being once settled to your satisfaction, every thing else is very easily accounted for. As might be expected the ghosts of the Colonel and the magician still continue to wander about the spot where they first were obliged to set up for themselves, and this of course, has obtained for the "Devil's Elbow," especially and the garrison, generally, the character of being haunted. The magician, however, entirely confines himself to the ramparts about the "Elbow," where it appears, as if his whole drift was to annoy the sentries, no doubt in memory of the last bullet. This became manifest immediately after his death; sometimes the soldiers on duty, were discovered, fastened by their noses to their sentry boxes, when the relief came round; another time they were compelled to make hobby-horses of their muskets, and ride about the ramparts, one after another, from midnight to cock-crow. Now and then of a pitiless pelting night he'd take it into his head to walk off with the boxes altogether, mostly in the character of a flash of green fire, and on such occasions he generally left the unfortunate soldiers up to their chins in the horse pond. At last, nothing would content him but the men themselves, and in about two months no less than seventeen were missing from their posts. But still the ramparts were guarded until a stormy night, some sixteen years ago, when three men, namely: Thomas Vaughan, Dennis Sullivan, and Martin Drury, were planted by the Corporal at eleven o'clock, but on his going to relieve them at one, lo! the men, sentries, and all, had disappeared, and have never since been heard of. Those were the last sentinels, ever posted on the "Devil's Elbow."

As for the groans and the light, they are chips of the same block; the former I understand is occasioned by the ghost of the Trombone player, who died by accident in the north magazine, and the latter by the ghost of a lamplighter, who hanged himself one night in the Arsenal: and now, Sergeant, I'll thank you for the "noggin."

J. M. M.

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6. The "Experiment," the new engine lately put upon the Mohawk and Hudson Rail Road, performed on the 24th ult. the distance from the head of the plane to the half way house, in 12 minutes, which is at the rate of 35 miles an hour. This, is, says the Schenectady Whig, the fastest travelling which has yet taken place on the road.

A gentleman who lately crossed from New Castle to Frenchtown, states that the trip was performed in 47 minutes, or at the rate of 21 1-2 miles an hour! This was considered the ordinary speed of the vehicle at a full load.

8. The net amount of postage received at the post office in Nantucket for the year ending Dec. 31, 1832, is $2359, 22.

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 23, 1833.

MACBETH.

It surprises us that Mr. Charles Kemble will continue to qualify his fair fame by appearing in characters, which he can never be able to do justice to. We witnessed his Macbeth, on Monday last, and can safely say, that we have seen it, at least, as well performed by second-rate players. Perchance it appeared to us even worse than it actually was, from contrasting it with some of his other masterly delineations; but, waving every thing, his performance of that night was little calculated to add a feather to the cap of a "star," particularly one who changes so much for the light of his countenance as Mr. Kemble. Many performers have split on the same rock that this gentleman, to say the least of him, has often run foul of; and that he has not fared as ill as his compeers or predecessors, is a chance which he must attribute more to the fascination of *name*, than the discrimination of the public. The rock which we allude to, is the tragic drama of Shakspeare, and there are few actors of note, who have not willingly—yea, presumptuously, staked the fame they had acquired in the lighter and perhaps equally pleasing and profitable walks of the stage, for the discomfiture they have almost unanimously met with in this. For instance, had Mr. Kemble confined himself to such characters as Petruchio, Benedict, Mercutio, &c. his defects would never have been discovered, and he might have escaped the vexation of listening to wholesome reproof; but when he attempts to *act* such parts as Macbeth, and Shylock, he can expect little but censure, unless the unjust forbearance of friends, or worse—the absurd and wholesale flattery of interested sycophants, whose unqualified encomiums amount to nothing more or less than downright puffs.

The cause of this is obvious. Shakspeare's characters are the emanations of a mind pregnant with genius—they are ever drawn in the extremes of virtue or vice;—wild, enthusiastic—deep, cunning—but never artful; (even the wily Richard is no exception to this rule;) then consequently no person but a man of impulse—in other words, a man of genius, can embody or, at least, unbosom them Macbeth, for instance, should play from feeling. He should not want to study the length or position of every start, or the precise angles of the body, at any particular passage; but let the language and situation dictate to him the propriety of action as he proceeded, while his nature was most open to the impressions the poetry is intended to convey. Shakspeare's Macbeth was no artist. Our Charles Kemble is a most efficient one. The former was a being so completely under the dominion of his feelings, that he was at times incapable of governing them, even at the risk of the kingdom, he had committed murder to obtain. The latter (Mr K.) is a man, so much the creature of art, that he appears to us, as if he had to study, analyze, and punctuate every expression, frown, and gesture, at a looking glass.

This is precisely what might be expected. The studied and polished,—may we not say, the most studied and polished actor of the present day—must be at a loss to define the rude, wild, unconfined, illiterate characters of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries; particularly when he copies from any thing rather than nature in the research.

Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is a gentleman, a philosopher, and a scholar, and even when his feelings are most imposed on, save only at the grave of the fair Ophelia, he is able to subject them to the control of his judgment. Hence, Kemble can doubtless play this character nobly, because art is the chief requisite; but when he assumes those, in the portrayal of which it is necessary to give nature her full fling, he must and will meet with disapprobation; and, if he obtains applause, it is merely that applause, which can be awarded to mediocrity. However, in justice to his Macbeth, we must allow that his reading was worthy the part—higher praise can be bestowed on no actor; and we trust for the future he will confine himself to those characters, which nature and education have so peculiarly qualified him to shine in, and leave such, as he ventured to appear in last Monday, to men of less tact, but greater genius than himself. Miss Kemble's Lady Macbeth was respectable, but we have seen this lady shine with such surpassing lustre in other characters more fitted to her years and genius, that we must confess having suffered a slight disappointment. She, however, made several beautiful points. But we have seen our every-day Mrs. Sharpe, and Mrs. Duff, to greater advantage in the same part. H.

TRINITY CHURCH YARD.

In noticing the "doings" of our worthy Corporation, in relation to the sacrilege about to be committed on the graves of our fathers, the paper in different parts of the country uniformly expr ss their utter abhorrence of a deed at which barbarians would tremble. We have spoken often, feelingly and fearlessly on the subject. But we trust, hon ly, the Corporation have received the support of but a single press in the city, the organ of the government, if we except a lame and impotent defence in the *New York Evangelist*; the writer of which is pleased, virtually, to couple respect for the dead and *fanaticism* together. He cites the hackneyed argument of the destruction of other grave yards. He might as well quote from the Scripture the example of Judas to prove that self-destruction was morally correct. We subject bodies to the dissecting knife for the good of the living, and on the same principle he argues we may ride over graves and tomb-stones. There are some *taunts* at *Trinity* Church *Yard*, which cannot be mis-understood by *Episcopalians*, emanating from the source they do. But the article is too contemptible to merit further comment.

"THE MORNING POST."

The publication of this spirited little daily has been resumed, somewhat enlarged and otherwise improved. It is printed by Mr. Story, and edited by Mr. James Heberth, a young gentleman of considerable tact and talent. The proprietor is said to be a gentleman of wealth, (an article which he will find exceedingly useful in the conduct of a daily journal in this city.) We wish all concerned success, and have no doubt they will merit it.

☞ The bodies of Mr. *Carter* and Miss *Bradlee*, whose tragic end is mentioned by our Boston correspondent in another column, were buried from the houses of their respective parents, about five o'clock on Tuesday. Both funerals reached Trinity Church about the same time, and the bodies were laid in the same tomb.

The Legislature of New-Jersey have passed a bill for the erection of a new state prison; and in order to raise the means to build the prison, and to provide ensuing, when built, the committee of ways and means in the House of Assembly have reported a bill to create a Lottery!

VENTRILOQUISM.

Mr. Harrington, the celebrated American Ventriloquist, is nightly exercising his astonishing powers of Ventriloquism at Peale's Museum, in Broadway. The experiments with cards, eggs, money, fruit, balls, birds, boxes, etc., are very astonishing. He will, apparently, break any gentleman's watch, cut a lady's gown, or handkerchief, and restore them perfect, so that the least blemish cannot be seen. He turns a glove into a live bird—suffers any gentleman present to load a pistol with powder and ball, and discharge it at him, and catches the ball on the point of a sword, etc. etc. His imitations of bumble-bees, birds, etc. are very correct.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Love and Suicide—Merry makings, &c.—Theatricals—Critics—The Kembles—Payne Benefit—Dunlap do.—Col. Morris—Handel and Haydn Society—Mrs. Austin, Miss Hughes, Horn, &c.

Boston, 18th Feb. 1833.

Friend Traveller I observe you remember us now and then, but you seldom say much about any thing but our theatres; and I assure you we have other matters to occupy our attention, some of them more appalling than the most serious tragedies upon the stage, and exciting more interest than even our wars between critics and female performers. This morning we have intelligence of one of the most disastrous events which ever occured here. Two lovers whose affections are said to have been thwarted were found hanging from two handkerchiefs fastened to one rope, both dead in each other's arms. The father of one of them was a hardware merchant. They obtained the key of the store and went in on Sunday night. The whole town has been disturbed by the affair. The friends, from laudable delicacy, had names and particulars suppressed; but the fact itself is too much talked of to be long left in mystery and therefore I do not hesitate to mention it to you.

In other respects, Boston has been very gay. There seems nothing going on but merry makings in parties of various sorts; sleigh rides, dinnerts, and balls. The Theatre has been a little shaken in its attraction by the absence, in consequence of illness, of Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Austin; and those who have been disappointed have vented their chagrin upon Mrs. Austin, who being the most conspicuous, of course invited the most attention. This is lucky enough in one respect for Miss Hughes. It has saved her from newspaper squibbings which have been elicited by the pre-eminence of Mrs. Austin; and there is too much wit and intelligence in the press here to render it at all desirable to get within the range of its shot. A critic whom you quote has spoken of "how closely B. follows A;" which another critic interprets as high praise of intellectual B., viz. Boston for being so devoted to the sweet voiced A. meaning Austin. And it is supposed this lady will presently add largely to the attractions which have gained her so many laurels; for the "WhiteLady" has been some time in preparation, and is expected to be a hit, if the heedless way in which the house is managed does not prevent its obtaining justice; for really as matters are arranged here, the only wonder is that every thing should not fail. The Kembles, however, are looked upon as sure to succeed; and it is thought we shall see them soon. Much curiosity is in motion upon that subject; and I, myself, shall be curious to see how they will get along by themselves, for certainly there appears no one here to help them; and Charles Kemble will be thrown upon his recollections of the time in his early life, when they say he and his father's family used to travel the country, in England, and act all the parts, candle snuffers included.

They talk of a Benefit here for Howard Payne. It has been suggested by the public press, and the editors of all parties, with the most honorable unanimity, and the most earnest eloquence have urged it upon the public, who seem anxious for an opportunity of answering the call. Mr. Porter, of the Traveller, was the first to suggest the compliment, then came the Courier, and the rest handsomely followed. The only difficulty seems to be, who is to act for the occasion. We have no doubt that the stage of Boston could furnish the materials, but we must confess we have our fears in the matter, to imagine that they are on high blast with all the world. "*The art of puffing only half grown in this country*," indeed. But it is more than half grown; it is full grown; overgrown; and its rankness smells to heaven. Why will you, Messrs. Editors, stand by with folded arms, and see your simple-minded fellow-citizens swindled out of their money, and your country deprived of the reputation it *might* enjoy abroad for a sound literary taste, if things were permitted to stand or fall by their own merits, and not be crammed down people's throats by quacks and empyrics.—I doubt whether there is such another establishment as the one I have but partially exposed, in the world, or whether any people on earth, except the Americans, would allow themselves to be so grossly imposed upon. "Puffing but half grown in this country! I like that.

HELMBOLD.

For the Traveller, Times & Journal.

GRAHAM'S LECTURES.

Messrs. Editors:—I attended, for a special wonder, the lecture of Mr. S. Graham, delivered last night at the Clinton Hall. I am free to own that I was amused with the man's manner. He certainly has a good deal of humor and theatrical air, and he is, too, quite an attitudinarian. He understands stage trick to a charm, addressing his audience, or "pupils," as he calls them, in a colloquial style, and occasionally *thinking* aloud, as if he was entirely unconscious of their presence. I was amused, too, with the peculiar talent which the lecturer has of displaying his vanity and egotism. He often spoke of what wonders he had accomplished alone and single-handed, and of the miracles which the "Graham system" as he modestly calls it, had wrought in his own person. I mention these things, said he, not for the purpose of extolling myself, but only to illustrate the truth of my theory—think of that, master Brook!. I have stood for years, as it were, in the centre of a great stream, opposed to its buffeting. I have burst the current of popular prejudices. I have felt its waves, breaking over me, and its spray dashing against my brow, at the same time drawing his hand with a charming effect across the supposed region of sense.) If I could comprehend his lecture at all, it was to show, first, that man was originally created a most perfect being in his physical, as well as moral endowments; that according to this perfect pattern, all men should be made to conform; that while we took all pains to improve the breed of our horses, cattle, and swine, (hell it not in Gath!) we bestowed no care upon the perfecting of our own species. The lecturer did not go into the particulars of the *modus operandi* of this process, had merely stated generally, or left the audience to infer that all this was to be accomplished by the "Graham system." He observed, that beauty of person was a delightful and desirable possession; that it was astonishing how few handsome persons there were in this great city; not one in a thousand; that this was owing to the habit of living on animal food; that the Irish women, who feed on potatoes and buttermilk, were extremely beautiful, *de gustibus non disputandum*; that a handsome female in an oyster cellar would inspire the most pleasurable emotions.—Fie! Mr. Graham! how can you!—that tigers have been known to loose their ferocity in the presence of beauty! and a variety of other things he mentioned, to show the power of this possession, and then had the effrontery to tell the ladies present, some hundred or more, that there was not one handsome person in a thousand in this city!

The next object of the lecturer appeared to prove this position, viz. that a vegetable diet was the only proper one for the human race—that it conduced to health and strength, and that animal food as surely reduced to weakness and disease. On this subject the lecturer laid about him in a most theatrical style. He pointed out the man-mountain of fatness—called him a sponge, a carcass, a quagmire of fat, and poked him in the ribs with his jokes till the audience was nearly suffocated with laughter. Next he described the Graham system man, one who had eaten nothing but coarse brown bread and drank only water. Of course this fellow was made a perfect hero—he was strong as a giant—fleet as a deer—and handsome as an Adonis. On this head the lecturer related a number of stories which he had picked up last summer from the sea captains of New Bedford; some of which staggered belief most outrageously, and led me, for one, to think that his credulity had been imposed upon by these same sea captains. But enough. I have not time or inclination to go further into particulars. I will only add, in conclusion, that I am entirely satisfied with Mr. Graham's lectures—that there is much twaddle—much fun and little argument or truth in them, and that his system is altogether fallacious. If you think not so, Messrs. Editors, go once and hear him, and my word for it, you will think as I do. S. H. L.

Mister Traveller, Times, and Journal:

The other day I tried to say some cute things to the gals and boys of this big city through the Journal of Commerce: but some how or other Mister Journal of Commerce never printed them. Every day I went down to that are reading room under the big white building in which merchants swap things, and looked all over the Journal of Commerce, but I could not find one single line of my perregrinations in it. At last I saw a little short man in there one day, and he was reading the Journal; so I stepped up to him, and says I, "Sir, what sort o' cattle is that are Journal of Commerce, man?" "Why do you ask that question?" says he. "Because" says I, "I wrote a great big communication for that are paper one day, and I can't diskiver that they have ever printed it." "What sort of a communication was it?" says he. "Why" says I, "it was Advice to the gals and boys of the big city of New York." "And was it well written?" says he, "I guess you may swear to that," says I—"for I didn't go to school for tew whole summers to Mr. Slimley's for nothing." "Well," says he, "I can just tell you why they didn't print it." "Well," says I, "I wish you would." "Why—didn't you carry it in your pocket," says he "afore you carried it to the Journal office?" "Why, yes," says I." "Well," says he, "didn't ye never have no bread and cheese, nor nothing in the same pocket?" "Yes," says I. "Whew," says he, "I have it." "Have what?" says I. "Why, you great fool," says he, "that are office is full of Rats!"

Your Friend,
Ike Strickland.

"J. M. M." *alias* the "Harp of Carolan," has awakened from his lethargy, and again furnished us with an emanation of his genius. His effusions are always welcome—they possess more of the soul and spirit of poetry than many of far higher pretensions, or more elevated standing. The following elicited on viewing the magnificent paintings of Adam and Eve, now exhibiting in this city, is highly graphic, and would not detract from the genius of Byron.

ADAM AND EVE.

"A thing beyond all praise."
Prior.

Who can reproach thee, Adam, with the crime
That drove thee forth from Eden, if the brow
Of her who would, and aided thee at the time,
Was heavenly as the record beaming now
From out the web before me? and if thou
Wert such as I am, thy impatient son,
Fore'd reckless, fame—hope—reason—heaven,—to
bow,
When beauty claims her dower—believe me—one
Who plac'd, as thou wert plac'd, had done as thou hast done.

O thou! O thou! whose spirit's sight could peer
Into the heaven of beauty and draw forth
Such lips—such eyes—an Houri, as we have here
Again to pout—and beam—and burn on earth.
Say, are they truly of immortal birth,
Or born within thy bosom! if the last,
I cannot find a word to speak thy worth,
But whichso'er they are, alike thou hast
The tribute of my heart, where e'er thy home be cast.

Perchance by Chindra's breathing fount he lay,
Sk'etching the glories of the mystic spring;
When the young Queen of Music came the way,
And bar'd her beauties to his penciling.
For O! there's music in them—and to sing
Their sovereign triumph o'er the soul, should be
The task of some born monarch of the string!
Whose tongue could utter what his eye might see,
Weaving his glowing song from that rich drapery.

Milton has sung that of the heavenly race
Of women, Eve was heavenliest—true to this
There is a glory in that mag'd face,
Unknown to mercy,—I have sung amiss—
But let it go—that peerless brow to kiss,
Were it invested with a soul as fair,
Man might forego th' anticipated bliss
Of fifty Edens, for a world of care,
Even heaven itself were such, to light his exile there.

And see the father of our race is there;
Looking, as he should look before the fall,
Proud of his hopes, his home, and garden fair,
But prouder of his lady far than all.
His very pride bespeaks his spirit's thrall,
And woman all trampl'dunt—still his eye
Looks wav'ringly to heaven—perchance to call
His God's assistance down—and now that sigh—
The very canvas breathes—'tis done—hope—heaven—good bye.

Now turn we to the hour, when sin first flung
Her blight around creation—up my soul!
Mount on the storm which tears that scene among,
Proclaiming man's disgrace, and nature's dole—
Hark! how the lightnings hiss—the thunders roll—
The wounded pine tree groans, uptorn and rent,
The infant whirlwind rushes from its goal,
Curling the startled waters in its bent,
And all is storm, and gloom, and light, and beauty blent.

And see the tawny monarch of the wood,
Claiming the sovereignty, which after time
Award to his descendents. Lo! the flood,
Adding it's terrors to that hour of crime—
Storm, flood, and thunder, meet in war, sublime
Hurling confusion round them—Earth groans out—
Mourning the havoc of her harvest prime,
The torrent meets the ocean with a shout—
Hills totter—mountains burst—and horror reigns thro'out.

But what is nature's bustle?—what the war
Of floods and whirlwinds—all that tongue can tell!
There's something more tremendous—deadlier far,
In the blanch'd cheek—stram'd eye, and torturing swell—
Of Adam, on the moment that he fell.
O Heaven! what hand could trace such wild despair?
The look is worthy of the loss—the hell
Had clos'd on him that moment, and had bare
The ills of after time pil'd up in mountains there.

But still there is one feeling lingering yet
Of former joy—its love for her who kneels
In ruin at his feet—their eyes have met
In love's despair, and that wild glance reveals
What each conceives and dreads, and hopes, and feels.
She looks alone to him for hope—and he,
Reckless of the wild whirl that round him reels,
And reckless of its cause, too, bends his knee,
Losing each other thought in his love's agony.

But this is not a picture—'tis the life,
Leaping about the canvas—every track
Proclaims some novelty, with action rife,
Waters that lash and roar—the whirlwind's rack—
Hark! hear ye not the tucking pine tree crack,
Split by a fire shaft in its sweeped pride.
Lo, see the light kindling the lion's back—
Gibbing the forms of Adam and his bride;
And bareing rage, and storm, and life, on every side.

J. M. M.

Written for the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

To M——E——.

BY H. THOMPSON.

Ah! who can look on beauty such as thine,
Ah! who can gaze upon that bosom swelling,
Nor every wish, nor every hope resign,
To know that bosom was his dwelling.
To know those eyes with his would weep,
Or smile with bright and radiant beaming,
That arm to pillow him in sleep,
Two souls in union fondly dreaming.
To know those lips of blushing hue,
His name would lisp when home returning,
To know that bosom, fond and true,
The vestal fire of love was burning.
But fare thee well! no smile of thine,
Shall ever glad this heart now beating,
Hope's long-ring ray no more shall shine,
Ah! false that ray, so fair, so fleeting.

LITHOGRAPHY.

We have just been favoured with a copy of two lithographic prints, illustrative of the *Mazeppa* of Lord Byron, copied from two beautiful engravings by a French artist. We have never seen any specimens of Lithography so perfectly superb, and on first sight could hardly persuade ourselves of the reality. We commend them to the attention of every lover of the Fine Arts, as fine ornaments for the study or the parlor. Rieso and Browne the artists, deserve great credit for their highly finished pictures; which may be obtained at their rooms in Cliff street.

"*Nullification Pie*" No. 1. made its appearance lately, and although represented as a carricature we could not laugh for the life of us. It minds us of the artist who drew a horse, and who being fearful the animal's identity might be questioned, wrote immediately beneath "*This is a horse.*"

PAYNE FESTIVAL.

It will be perceived by the following paragraph from the Evening *Transcript* of Wednesday, that a meeting of those gentlemen, who felt desirous of promoting a theatrical festival in honor and for the benefit of our distinguished countryman, John Howard Payne, was held at the Exchange Coffee House, on Thursday evening last, at seven o'clock.

"John Howard Payne.—We invite attention to the notice published this evening, calling a meeting of the friends of Mr. Payne, to carry into effect the much talked of Festival, which it is proposed to give at the Tremont Theatre, in honor and for the benefit of that gentleman. Mr. Payne, although claimed by New York, is in verity a Boston Boy. Here he was educated, here he commenced his dramatic and literary career, and here after a long absence he finds himself once more surrounded by the associates of his youth and the friends of his family. That something will be done and well done, to exhibit our appreciation of his services, in elevating the literary character of our country abroad, we cannot permit ourself to doubt."

THE DUNLAP BENEFIT

Will take place at the Park Theatre on Thursday next. Aside from the claims of Mr. Dunlap on the gratitude and generosity of the playgoing public, the attraction of the bill of fare, should fill the house to the overflow. A large portion of the tickets are already disposed of. Those who intend to be present would do well to provide themselves immediately.

FROM OUR ALBANY CORRESPONDENT.

PUFFERY.

I met the following very singular remark in the Philadelphia Chronicle the other day:—"*The art of puffing is yet less than half-grown in this country.*" Now, who would have looked for such a sentence in the Chronicle, without any exception, the most audacious, outrageous, bare-faced puff journal ever established in the United States. The same number that contains this precious piece of intelligence, contains also one of the most unmerited, impertinent and ridiculous puffs ever printed on that most illustrious of all humbugs, the Lady's Book. I wonder the Editors do not expose these fellows. Can it be that there is no independent press in the land, or have the Chronicle people bought up and bribed the editors far and near? Every body is certainly aware, by this time, that the Lady's Book is a contemptible gag—authors, poets, scholars, and men of letters are unanimous in denouncing it in private, and yet many suffer themselves to be led by the nose, and the public to be gagged by this gang of literary scavengers. Every body knows, or ought to know, that the Philadelphia Daily Chronicle—the Saturday Courier—the Lady's Book—and the Novelist's Magazine are pretty much one and the same concern—that they shift their types about from one to the other, and dish up the same stale articles in three different shapes—that one journal is the bellows blower for the other; thus they puff—puff—puff each other until the whole are smothered in smoke—that they send their trash to the country editors, with everlasting requests to publish their advertisements, and to puff—puff—puff their Saturday Courier as the largest and cheapest, and most extensively circulated paper in the Union—to puff—puff—puff their Daily Chronicle, as a journal whose immense subscription requires a patent press to print it on—to puff—puff—puff their Novelist's Magazine as a periodical whose distribution will be unexampled, and whose price is fixed at too low a rate even to mention, and lastly, and above all—to puff—puff—puff—puff—puff—puff their Lady's Book, (with its wooden hobby horses cabbage-leaves, fish-nets, old women's bonnets, big-mum-vine engravings, worn out cuts, stolen articles and two penny premiums,) as the pink of literature, when it is in fact the stramonium of our barren places! and thus all these puffs are regularly published in the four papers above referred to, as evidence of "public opinion;" and they are so skillfully shoved about too, first in one paper and then in another; like a country dance, hands across and down the middle; so as to keep up an eternal changing; a constant broadside of puffery; which deceive the untiated, and lead those who are too much occupied to investigate the matter, to imagine that they are on high blast with all the world. "*The art of puffing only half grown in this country*," indeed. But it is more than half grown; it is full grown; overgrown; and its rankness smells to heaven. Why will you, Messrs. Editors, stand by with folded arms, and see your simple-minded fellow-citizens swindled out of their money, and your country deprived of the reputation it *might* enjoy abroad for a sound literary taste, if things were permitted to stand or fall by their own merits, and not be crammed down people's throats by quacks and empyrics.—I doubt whether there is such another establishment as the one I have but partially exposed, in the world, or whether any people on earth, except the Americans, would allow themselves to be so grossly imposed upon. "Puffing but half grown in this country! I like that.

HELMBOLD.

For the Traveller, Times & Journal.

GRAHAM'S LECTURES.

Messrs. Editors:—I attended, for a special wonder, the lecture of Mr. S. Graham, delivered last night at the Clinton Hall. I am free to own that I was amused with the man's manner. He certainly has a good deal of humor and theatrical air, and he is, too, quite an attitudinarian. He understands stage trick to a charm, addressing his audience, or "pupils," as he calls them, in a colloquial style, and occasionally *thinking* aloud, as if he was entirely unconscious of their presence. I was amused, too, with the peculiar talent which the lecturer has of displaying his vanity and egotism. He often spoke of what wonders he had accomplished alone and single-handed, and of the miracles which the "Graham system" as he modestly calls it, had wrought in his own person. I mention these things, said he, not for the purpose of extolling myself, but only to illustrate the truth of my theory—think of that, master Brook!. I have stood for years, as it were, in the centre of a great stream, opposed to its buffeting. I have burst the current of popular prejudices. I have felt its waves, breaking over me, and its spray dashing against my brow, at the same time drawing his hand with a charming effect across the supposed region of sense.) If I could comprehend his lecture at all, it was to show, first, that man was originally created a most perfect being in his physical, as well as moral endowments; that according to this perfect pattern, all men should be made to conform; that while we took all pains to improve the breed of our horses, cattle, and swine, (hell it not in Gath!) we bestowed no care upon the perfecting of our own species. The lecturer did not go into the particulars of the *modus operandi* of this process, had merely stated generally, or left the audience to infer that all this was to be accomplished by the "Graham system." He observed, that beauty of person was a delightful and desirable possession; that it was astonishing how few handsome persons there were in this great city; not one in a thousand; that this was owing to the habit of living on animal food; that the Irish women, who feed on potatoes and buttermilk, were extremely beautiful, *de gustibus non disputandum*; that a handsome female in an oyster cellar would inspire the most pleasurable emotions.—Fie! Mr. Graham! how can you!—that tigers have been known to loose their ferocity in the presence of beauty! and a variety of other things he mentioned, to show the power of this possession, and then had the effrontery to tell the ladies present, some hundred or more, that there was not one handsome person in a thousand in this city!

The next object of the lecturer appeared to prove this position, viz. that a vegetable diet was the only proper one for the human race—that it conduced to health and strength, and that animal food as surely reduced to weakness and disease. On this subject the lecturer laid about him in a most theatrical style. He pointed out the man-mountain of fatness—called him a sponge, a carcass, a quagmire of fat, and poked him in the ribs with his jokes till the audience was nearly suffocated with laughter. Next he described the Graham system man, one who had eaten nothing but coarse brown bread and drank only water. Of course this fellow was made a perfect hero—he was strong as a giant—fleet as a deer—and handsome as an Adonis. On this head the lecturer related a number of stories which he had picked up last summer from the sea captains of New Bedford; some of which staggered belief most outrageously, and led me, for one, to think that his credulity had been imposed

Literary Notices.

"Records of my life, by the late John Taylor, Esq., author of Monsieur Tonson, etc."—New York—J. & J. Harper.

This is a very amusing work. The author has a fund of humorous, witty and droll anecdotes, principally about actors, authors, painters, and public characters with whom he seems to have mingled. It is an excellent collection of interesting incidents and facts, which may be taken up at any time, and afford a treat, proportionate to the time of the reader. It should be in every steamboat and public house in the Union, for the benefit of the traveller. We shall, in our next, furnish a few anecdotes as a specimen of the author's style and genius.

The Sacred Books of History,—Boston, Carter Hendee & Co. pp. 180.

This is another of the compilations of the celebrated "Peter Parley" a name familiar to children and youth generally. It is designed as a sequel to the First book previously published. It includes the modern history of Europe, Africa, and Asia, and is illustrated by numerous engravings and sixteen maps. It is on the same concise, perspicuous plan as the other books designed for youth by this felicitous author, and like them all, eminently well adapted to the abilities and wants of the young historian. It is no puff to speak well of Parley's productions. They are all good. The testimony of teachers and parents, and the delight and avidity they are sought after by children, is we think, a pretty conclusive criterion as to their practical merit and usefulness.

Easy Lessons for learning French, selected from approved authors. Allen & Ticknor, 18 mo. pp. 104, 1833.

We are *not* deeply versed in the French language, although we occasionally pick up a word or two for the purpose of making an exhibition of our "*larnin*" But to be serious, the volume before us is in French from beginning to end, if we except the title page and preface. From the latter we learn that the object of this work is to furnish stories and other pleasant exercises for translating from French into English, adapted to beginners in the study of the language, who are yet children; and further that no such work is to be had among us, and yet it is much wanted, because children are daily instructed in French, to whom it is unwise to give Telemaque, or Charles XII. or other books suited to persons more advanced in years. The present lessons are designed for children eight or ten years old. It is the intention of the compilers to carry forward a series of lessons in future books suited to all ages and capacities. The lessons are short and from a glance at the titles we should think judiciously selected.

"The Sunday School Singing Book, to which is added a few moral Songs, By George Kingsley, Boston, Charles Bowen, 1832, pp. 120 18mo."

The introduction of music into common as well as Sunday Schools, is becoming quite general in New England. The influence it exerts on the young heart is unquestionably of the most salutary and beneficial tendency. The little volume now published, by Mr. Bowen consists of many melodies from the best masters, besides original pieces, composed by the editor and never before published. The author has evinced good taste and correct judgment in the selection of the poetry. The articles are of a moral and religious cast, without being sectarian, unless, indeed, it is so to acknowledge the attributes and perfections of God, to express gratitude for his unbounded goodness and feel our daily dependence on him for all that we possess and all that we hope hereafter to enjoy.

A Discourse delivered by appointment before the Boston Baptist Association, met at Newton, Mass. Sept. 19, 1832. By Howard Malcolm, Pastor of the Federal street Church. Boston, Allen & Ticknor, 1833. 8vo. pp. 70.

This sermon is on the extent and efficacy of the atonement. The author, Mr. Malcolm, is a distinguished Baptist preacher, and as a writer, may rank with Channing, Greenwood, Hawks, and other able divines of the day. The author's object in publishing was, he says, "a belief that it is important at this time to set before our churches distinct views of a doctrine which is openly impugned, but which forms a distinguishing feature of the faith towards orthodox." After classing Mr. M. with names perhaps more known, it would seem a work of supererogation to say that it is a well written and ingenious performance.

"A History of King's Chapel, in Boston; the first Episcopal Church in New England; comprising notices of the introduction of Episcopacy into the Northern Colonies. By F. W. Greenwood, jun. Minister of King's Chapel. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co.; Allen & Ticknor, 1833; 18mo. 215 pp."

To the antiquarian this volume will be taken up and read with interest. Dr. Freeman, the senior minister of the church, is now living—a very aged, learned and ven rable divine. He was among the first in New England who publicly professed the sentiments, denominated Unitarian, and this church stands alone, in America, in the use of a liturgy adapted to that faith. We never passed this church without recollecting an anecdote we heard many years ago. It will be recollected, that there are large square holes in the side of the wall, running parallel with School-street, which have the appearance of port-holes. The facetious Dr. Byles, passing down School-street in company with a friend, casting a glance towards the building, observed, that he had heard of the *cannons* of the church, but never saw the *port-holes* before!

THE JOURNAL OF WOMEN,

Embracing love, courtship, matrimony, art of beauty, fashion, art of pleasing, female capacity and education, and the history of women, from love down to the present period, with varieties of an extremely interesting nature. It will be the aim of the conductors of this journal, with a most ardent hope of success, to furnish a work that shall both please, interest and instruct. The aid of several literary ladies and gentlemen, eminently qualified for the object, is already received. It will be published monthly, at $1 25 per annum. All communications to be addressed to the editors, New York, Post office. The first number to be issued within a few weeks. Persons wishing the work, must forward the price of subscription, post paid.

AN UNMARRIED LADY.

BY MISS LANDON.

Do any thing but love; or, if thou lovest,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship, never let him know
How dear he is, flit like a bird before him,—
Read him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness.

Mr. Astor has given positive instructions for the erection of his contemplated Hotel, and preparations are making for its commencement on the 1st of May. It will in aristocratic splendor, doubtless excell any thing of the kind in the world.

A correspondent informs the Editors of the New-York Gazette, that the enterprising proprietor of Holt's Hotel is likely to realize his most sanguine expectations in the success of his house. It has been opened scarcely a month, and he now dines over two hundred gentlemen at his ordinary, and at least two thousand in the various rooms, daily. His beds, amounting to near 300, have been several times completely filled. To supply his table, he purchases besides large quantities of cut beef, a fat bullock every morning, with other meats, poultry, fish, &c. in proportion. He roasts 700 lbs. of provision at a time, the spit being turned by a steam-engine. The correspondent wishes that those who have not yet paid Mr. Holt a visit, would call and view for themselves one of the most extraordinary hotels in the world. The order, regularity, and quiet, preserved there, together with the kind attention of the domestics, are worthy all praise.

A body of fifty emigrants started from the Atlantic coast last year, destined for the Oregon country, on the river Columbia. They reached the Rocky Mountains, within 300 miles of the promised land—and finding the snow nine feet deep, at midsummer, most of them turned "back agen," and got safely home. Some twelve or fourteen of the party remained, resolutely determined to prosecute the journey, by hook or by crook.

The Rev. Horatio Potter, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Washington College, Hartford Conn., has accepted the call of the vestry to the vacant rectorship of St. Peter's Church in Albany, and will enter upon the discharge of its duties about the 1st of May next. In the interim, the Rev. Alonzo Potter, will supply the pulpit.

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Says the N. J. Sentinel, Messrs Barkley and Sentell have erected a Steam Floating Mill in the Village of Genova which is to go into operation some time in the ensuing March.

SENECA LAKE STEAMBOATS.

We understand, says the Geneva Gazette, that the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, long and favorably known to the travelling public as connected with steam navigation on the Hudson river, have purchased of the Messrs Rumneys, the steamboat on the Seneca Lake, together with the unexpired term of the exclusive right to navigate the Lake by steam. We further learn that those enterprising and persevering gentlemen intend forthwith to commence building, and will have in readiness early in the summer, another boat, which, for accommodation and expedition, shall be fully adequate to the wants of our men of business, and those travelling for pleasure or health. On the opening of the Chemung and Crooked Lake Canals, the ensuing season, the commerce of our Lake will be so greatly increased as to demand additional steam navigation facilities; and the present arrangement, we are assured, will furnish them to the extent required.

MESSRS. BURNETT AND SMITH.

Of this city have commenced the publication of Sturm's Reflections on the Works of God in Nature and Providence, for every day in the year. It is to be published in numbers of 24 pages, printed on fine paper, and illustrated with six beautiful steel and copper engravings.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

He liv'd to dwell contentedly
Upon his native plain,
He liv'd to share in village sports,
With village friends again:
To cheer the stormy winter's night
With tales of peril past,
Lived happy with a happy wife,
His *first* love, and his *last*.

Oh! he could tell of conquering foes,
Captivity and pain;
Of dungeon deep, and stratagem
That broke the galling chain;
She listened and could scarce believe
The danger really past;
Then whisper'd low, "Thou'rt safe with me,
My *first* love, and my *last*."

Sporting Varieties.

NEW YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE,

And Annals of the American and English Turf

We have just had a glimpse at the proof sheets of this new periodical, the publication of which, owing to the difficulty of procuring artists to execute the engravings in season, has been unavoidably delayed; it will, however, make its *debut* on the 1st of March.

From the specimens we have seen, the typographical appearance must render it highly creditable to the publisher and the printer; the work is published on an imperial octavo sheet of extra size, and in point of size, and tastefulness of arrangement, exceeds, by far, any periodical which has come under our notice. The engravings, which are exquisitely coloured, are of the most perfect finish, and their large size will render them beautiful ornaments when framed, for the study or the parlor. We risk nothing in giving an opinion, that *the plates alone* would command at public sale the price of the Magazine. In point of matter, we have only to remind the sporting world that "An Old Turfman" is the editor, the highest recommendation we can possibly imagine.

We are authorised to state, to Gentlemen non-residents of this city who may be desirous to examine a specimen of the work, that by forwarding their address, (post paid,) to the Proprietor, No. 9, Mercer-street, the first number will be sent to them.

TROTTING ON THE ICE.

We received last week, after our paper went to press, a communication from our correspondent at Albany, giving us several interesting items of Sporting Intelligence, which we hasten to lay before our readers.

Trotting on the ice is such capital sport, that we can only wonder the practice is not more general in the winter season. Our friends at Albany, and in fact along the whole course of the Canal, have improved the late cold weather, to try the speed of their *cattle*, of which we have many accounts, though none definite enough for publication.—We would beg leave to call the attention of our friends who kindly send us accounts of any good sporting in their vicinity, to be more particular in names, dates, &c. as otherwise we are obliged to omit them; not unfrequently, a very clever article is rendered utterly unfit for publication be a little want of attention to these minor points. But to our correspondent:—

"A Trotting Match came off last week for $200, one mile, between Mr. Paddock's horse, Pearl-street Boy, and Mr Winne's mare, which was won by the former, beating the mare about six lengths; *time* 3 m. 15 s. Pearl-street Boy is a "five year old," and untrained—what we call a "green horse," but with proper training bids fair to take a high rank among our already celebrated stock of Trotters. [Buy him, Jim—go the figure, and we'll stand the *pewter*. We promise to find *work* for him here, among the "*Johnny Raws*" of Gotham.]

"Albany, Feb. 12.—Another match was made up to-day for $200, Pearl-street Boy against ——, to come off this day, two weeks." [We've a *notion* to *go snacks*. What say ye, gents, to Solomon Swap's offer to Andrew Bang? "Heads I *win*; tails *you lose*."]

"Don't mention it—a main of cocks will be fought for $1000 in the vicinity of Albany, on the 15th of March next. Albany against the West."

J. M.

SAVANNAH RACES—LAST DAY.

MILE HEATS—TWO BEST IN THREE.

On Saturday, says the Georgian, (one of the editors of which able print, is the Secretary of the Club,) the Races of the Savannah Jockey Club terminated after an animated bustling week. At an early hour the road to the Course began

FAMILY JOURNAL.

Notices.

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Our city has felt their influence in no disagreeable manner. There has been a cheerfulness and activity in the motions of our generally sober-sided citizens, which indicate that they were well satisfied at heart. We understand that the Savannah Jockey Club has received a considerable addition to its members, and it may now be viewed as established on too permanent a footing to fear any those vicissitudes which so often dissolve such assemblies. After the racing was over on Saturday, the members of the Club sat down to a dinner prepared for them at the Course, and the afternoon was spent with the greatest harmony and hilarity. Various toasts, appropriate for such an occasion, were given. Miss Sally Hornet was too important a personage to be omitted, and her untiring adversary, Rattlesnake, came in for her share of compliments. Among the toasts drunk were the following:

The sting of a *Hornet* is severe, but the bite of a *Rattlesnake* is deadly.

The chances of the Turf, here and elsewhere —at best it is but a *Bun-dotterure*.

The unfortunate sportsmen on the Bonadventure Course—"The race is not *always* to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

The Sports of the Turf in spite of those who do not duly appreciate them, and may those who do not, be stung by a *Hornet*, but by a *Rattlesnake* and eat up by a *Cannibal*.

SAVAGE VISITORS.

We understand that two large panthers were seen during the present week between the place and Pearl river. It is said that the Choctaw Indians natives of the forest have been audacious enough to approach within a mile of our borough, maugre the quantity of powder and lead therein abounding. We suppose that ere long we shall be under the necessity of having the arrival of a whole drove, even as we did whalloon of turkies. We hope that some menagerie man or other will direct his attention hitherward—a capture of the pair with a little salt, would make his fortune—or at least, that some of our *sharp* shooters may shortly prove to be able to exclaim—"we have met the enemy, and they are ours." *Miner's Jour.*

The writer of the above has probably read the fable of the Cat and the Rats, one of the latter proposing to tie a bell on the neck of the Cat, to forewarn them of her proximity—but who chose rather that some one else should carry his shrewd design into execution. He seems a sportsman who would secure his game by *throwing a little salt on their tails*. We, with the utmost deference would suggest, that *he* make a trial of this plan on the panthers mentioned above.

THE CHACE.

A Breather with Mr. Horlock's Hounds.—Wednesday, Jan. 2. Mr. Horlock's pack met at Compton House, the seat of W. Bateman, Esq. There were about three score and ten of sable sorts at the place of meeting. At a quarter before 11 the hounds began to draw, and whilst exhibiting their instinct to get across the drag, it was announced that the only animal but ten minutes before been seen break from a small undrawn cover. The master of the pack accordingly trotted off in the direction of Cowitch Copse, when, by the waving plumes of the steady pack, it soon became evident we were fast getting on a wild beast poor p g he conceded by his friends that Tragedy is not his forte,—we mean, the first line of characters. We should imagine, Macduff in his hands would be a capital performance; in Mercutio, and similar characters he excelled; in the first he was a success *but* is peculiarly his own, and when at home he assumed parts above it, he played to "empty boxes."

Hamlet is undoubtedly his most successful personation in this line, which we do not merely, for his readings are most beautiful, and the part is better suited to the calibre of his talents as an *actor* merely. In Benedict, Petruchio, Charles Surface and similar characters, he is above competition, and why he should ever specially have chosen the part as we think, in essaying Macbeth, is entirely beyond our ken; really, as Dogberry *so classic ally* observed in boggle, were making their way to the existing scene of glory, a better scent never was wafted on the gale, or a more sporting country hunted by man, there were raspers to satisfy the veriest glutton, and *passes* sufficiently difficult to satisfy the most "cunning of *fence*," Reynard, with a burning scent, [well, lived before the hounds 55 minutes, having traversed in that time about 12 miles of stiff-enclosed orthodox fox-hunting country. Of the 70 horsemen who started in the morn, a baker's dozen would include those who were "up" when he breathed his last, and the rags of these (like exhausted vessels) had everything in the shape of breath or wind fairly pumped out of them by the unchecking pace of Mr. Horlock's matchless pack.

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MESSRS BURNETT AND SMITH.

Of this city have commenced the publication of Sturm's Reflections on the Works of God in Nature and Providence, for every day in the year. It is to be published in numbers of 24 pages, printed on fine paper, and illustrated with six beautiful steel and copper engravings.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

He lived & dwelt contentedly
Upon his native plain,
He lived to share in village sports,
With village friends again
To cheer the stormy winter's night
With tales of peril past,
Lived happily at home. Soon twice or fourteen of the party remained, resolutely determined to prosecute the journey, by hook or by crook.

The Rev. Horatio Potter, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Washington College, Hartford Conn., has accepted the call of the vestry to the vacant rectorship of St Peter's Church in Albany, and will enter upon the discharge of its duties about the 1st of May next. In the interim, the Rev. Alonzo Potter, will supply the pulpit.

The Burlington Sentinel of Friday says:—"The ice is formed across the lake opposite this village, and it is now good crossing from this place to Fort Kent."

Says the N. Y. Sentinel, Messrs Barkley and Sewell have erected a Steam Floating Mill in the Village of Geneva, which is to go into operation some time in the ensuing March.

SENECA LAKE STEAMBOATS.

We understand, says the Geneva Gazette, that the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, long and favorably known to the travelling public as connected with steam navigation on the Hudson river, have purchased of the Messrs Romneys, the steamboat on the Seneca Lake, together with the unexpired term of the exclusive right to navigate the Cayuga Lake by steam. We further learn that those enterprising and persevering gentlemen, intend forthwith to commence building, and will have in readiness early in the summer, another boat, which, for accommodation and expedition, will be equal to the largest on the Hudson river, or the waters of the Atlantic. Should such be the case, it will be a great convenience to the public, and a source of profit to the proprietors.

SAVAGE VISITORS.

We understand that two large panthers were seen during the present week between the place and Pearl river. It is said that the Choctaw Indians natives of the forest have been audacious enough to approach within a mile o' our borough, maugre the quantity of powder and lead therein abounding. We suppose that ere long we shall be under the necessity of having the arrival of a whole drove, even as we did whalloon of turkies. We hope that some menagerie man or other will direct his attention hitherward—a capture of the pair with a little salt, would make his fortune—or at least, that some of our *sharp* shooters may shortly prove to be able to exclaim—"we have met the enemy, and they are ours." *Miner's Jour.*

The writer of the above has probably read the fable of the Cat and the Rats, one of the latter proposing to tie a bell on the neck of the Cat, to forewarn them of her proximity—but who chose rather that some one else should carry his shrewd design into execution. He seems a sportsman who would secure his game by *throwing a little salt on their tails*. We, with the utmost deference would suggest, that *he* make a trial of this plan on the panthers mentioned above.

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Says the N. J

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

HALBERT, Chaser and Jeweller, No. 144 Fulton street.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

ROBERT N. WHITE, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 66 Maiden Lane corner of William street. Pocket Maps of every denomination.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 11 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

GEORGE W. ROLLINS, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 71 Chambers street, corner of Broadway.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 62 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Tenbner, 110 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

JOSEPH SMITH'S wholesale and retail Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory, No. 362 Pearl street, a few doors above Franklin square, New York.

WILLIAM HUTCHINS'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No. 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

POCKET BOOK MANUFACTORY.—An extensive assortment of Pocket Books for sale wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 50 Fulton street, New York. GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington street. 12

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

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RAILWAY HOTEL,
CARBONDALE.—Penn.

THIS establishment, having been enlarged and fitted up in a superior manner, is now open for the accommodation of men of business, travellers, and parties of pleasure. The table is furnished with the best of provisions, the bar with the choicest wines, and the reading room with the principal New York, Philadelphia, and other newspapers.—The situation of the village of Carbondale, in the very heart of the mountains, renders it one of the healthiest resorts for invalids and families—the scenery in the vicinity, wild and picturesque, offers the greatest inducement to the admirers of nature, while the extensive coal works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, of which this is the head of the Motive Railways, the inclined Planes, by which the coal is conveyed over the mountains, present attractions to every one, as well from the novelty as the magnitude of the undertakings. Every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of boarders, and travellers may depend upon the most prompt compliance with their wishes. E. M. TOWNSEND.

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Tudor's Buildings, Court Street, Boston, Mass

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Regular boarders can be received upon reasonable terms. mar 1 tf

EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE,
Corner of South Market and Hamilton Street Opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany.

THE situation of this House is exceedingly eligible and convenient, is well for the business men of this city as for the traveller, being located in the business part of the city, and in the vicinity of the principal landing place of the steam boats, &c. From the promenade erected on top of the house, a view of the river for many miles, and the surrounding scenery, with all its picturesque beauty, may be commanded, as far as the eye can reach. The subscriber pledges to supply his table with the various delicacies and substantials of the season, and that his bar at all times shall be furnished with the choicest liquor of every description. He trusts that a disposition to please, and an attention to business he may merit and receive the continuance of that patronage which has hetofore been liberally bestowed by a generous public. AMMON RASEY.

N. B. Since the above notice was written, a handsome addition of Parlors have been connected with the establishment, and the principal parts of the different cities have been modelled to the News Room. Albany, june 20 6m

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac Hill, late of the Franklin House, New Haven, Conn. respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgements to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as such a present arrangement he is confident a more effective and Host takes his place.

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Popular Houses.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR streets, New York.

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, Congress Hall, subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Hoskins of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with the most thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with those who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertion, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits, and as they have now been six months fairly in for the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or exertions in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to set up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all the varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.

GOULD & ATKINS.
nov 10

REMOVAL.
L. CRITTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his old acquaintances on the Hill as near Lovejoy's. N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, and "they are as plenty as blackberries," shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the private ear of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive; &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be attended at this time.
june 13 ly Eagle Tavern, Albany.
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Crittenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

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Stages and Steamboats.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
NEW LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA.
MORNING PILOT LINE,
Or, U. S. Mail, Troy built sociy Coaches.—Through in one day.

The Pilot Line leaves New York every morning at 8 o'clock, and arrives in Philadelphia the same evening, passing through all the principal towns, viz Jersey City, Newark, Elizabethtown, Bridgetown, New Brunswick, Kingston, Princeton, Trenton, Bristol, Bolmesburg, and Frankford.

The Pilot Line arrives in time to take the Baltimore and Pittsburg Coaches, which leave Philadelphia every morning.

From the care taken in establishing the "PILOT LINE," and the determination on the part of the proprietors that nothing shall be wanting to render the accommodations of the best order, they would respectfully solicit the patronage of a liberal public.

For seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, at the U. S. Mail Coach Office, old No. 1 Cortlandt street, New York, and at the U. S. Mail Coach Office No. 28 South Third street, Philadelphia.

JAS. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
☞ All goods, specie and baggage at the risk of the owners. Jan 12

CITIZEN'S LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 8 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their line names to get at either of the above named houses. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.

For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger Williams's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Fremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Marlboro House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.

T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
apr 19 eply Agents.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.
Stage Company, Office, No. 11 Elm Street, Boston

NEW Line of Stages from Boston to Augusta, Me. through in two days, and through in one day to Portland.

Leaves Boston every morning at 7 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Kennebunk same evening. Leaves Kennebunk next morning and arrives at Hallowell and Augusta same evening. Passes through Haverhill, Exeter, Dover, Kennebunk, Portland, Brunswick, &c. Leaves Augusta every day in the same manner. Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport; and returns every afternoon.—Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages,

Leave each place every morning—meet at Haverhill, and return every afternoon.

☞ Extra Carriages always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. Sundays always excepted in our Advertisements.

HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*
mar 1 tf

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above route will in future leave the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11 Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street, or in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage,

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 1 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1 eply

BLOOMFIELD.—BELLEVILLE.—HOBOKEN & NEW YORK DAILY STAGE.

THE *Belleville Stage Company* having established a line of Stages to run between the above villages and the city of New York, beg leave to inform the public, that it now will leave Bailey's Hotel, Bloomfield, every day at half past 7 o'clock, A. M. and Washington Hall, Belleville, at 8 o'clock, and New York every afternoon, at 3 o'clock,—Sundays excepted. They have provided themselves with first rate horses and carriages, and a careful driver, and hope, from their efforts to accommodate the public, to receive a liberal share of its patronage. Seats may be taken at Bailey's, Bloomfield; and at Randolph's, between Bloomfield and Belleville, and at the Mansion House in Belleville, and at 7 Tudor's, 38 Barclay street, N. York. Passengers will be taken up and set down at their residences, if within a reasonable distance of the stage houses.

Horses and Carriages to let at the Mansion House, where parties of pleasure can be accommodated.
nov 24 A. P. BLEBE, Agent.

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, opposite Market Street, New York, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of Newark, Elizabethtown, Bridgetown, New Brunswick, Kingston, Princeton, Trenton, Bristol, Bolmesburg, and Frankford.

Leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport; and returns every afternoon.—Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages,

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☞ Extra Carriages always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. Sundays always excepted in our Advertisements.

HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*
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GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above route will in future leave the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11 Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street, or in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage,

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 1 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
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HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*
mar 1 tf

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NORWICH AND NEW LONDON.
STAGES will leave Wilde's Stage office, No. 11 Elm st. on Sundays at 12 o'clock M. and Wednesdays at 2 o'clock, P. M. through Newton, Hollieston, Sturbridge, Dudley, Brandford, and arrive in Norwich at 4 o'clock, P. M. following day, and New London same afternoon, and Hartford same evening. Extra Coaches at short notice and once cheerfully come.
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STAGE OFFICE.
Eagle, No. 36, Meander Street, Boston.

NEW YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester, Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York, every day at 1 P. M. lodge at Worcester, 24 dist., Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage, via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Telland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 24 hrs, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats for New York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northborough, and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Shrewsbury, Hamilton, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice.
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LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St. Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, Sundays excepted, at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time on the day.

JAMES NEWELL, Agent.
apr 12 ly

TREMONT LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
FARE TWO DOLLARS.

A NEW and elegant Line of Post Coaches, containing but seven passengers, running between the above cities as follows:—Leaves Boston every morning, except Sundays, at 12 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Providence in time to take the 5 P. M. cars on their way to New-York. Returning leaves Providence on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston, in less than six hours, from one to two hours before the fastest cars or the stages of the old line.

The proprietors of this line, respectfully inform their friends, and all those who may be pleased to favor them with their patronage, that notwithstanding the numerous efforts to injure all regular lines, and the extraordinary efforts to induce all persons to travel by other lines, and go in the Cars only, for reasons known and felt by all, the NEW LINE have had and always shall have a stage on the wharf at the boat on its arrival (except Sundays, expressly for the accommodation of those in our hotels, who will please not to pay the driver for seats on board the boat, assuring them that we shall always live up to our advertisements, and manage not on board the boats to the contrary notwithstanding.

For seats or further information, apply in Providence at the Tremont Stage Office, Market Square, opposite the Franklin Hotel—in Boston, at the Tremont House, Bramble Street, or Washington Hotel, Washington Street.
m C. B. WILDER, Agent.

PHENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenbush, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.

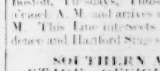
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hall, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing through Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield,—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridge port to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.

J. S. KELLER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare $6.

LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Beale's, City Coffee House, 236 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 A. M. for Troy, Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 ly

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, NORWICH, BOSTON & NEW YORK Line of Stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. and arrive in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day at 7 P. M.—Returning, leave Worcester, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Lowell, at 4 P. M.

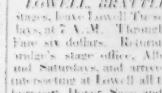
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY Stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days.—Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves ——— and Albany, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Lowell, at 4 P. M. Lowell stage office, Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day, connecting at Lowell all the eastern stages for Newburyport, Dover, Saco, and Portland.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs, and arrive at Lowell the 2d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Great Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Goshen, to Lowell.

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application at the stage office. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.

THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
a2 tf *Lowell.*

LOWELL & BOSTON,
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, for Newburyport, Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
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NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.

THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Wednesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves Jersey City, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing Newark, Newark Spring-field, Chatham, Basking Ridge, Morristown, Morristown, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c. At Easton this line connects three times daily for Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Catasauqua, Reading, Williamsport, &c. For seats, apply at Jesse Potter's, 75 Cortlandt Street, New-York; or at J. C. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners.

mar 8 tf J. E. ROY